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[TWOPENCE.]

HORRIBLE COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT DARLEY MAINE.



WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF JOHN HARPER AND A PARTY OF PITMEN.

Of all the accidents to which coal-mines are exposed, the explosion of inflammable gas or fire-damp are the most frequent, and by far the most calamitous in their consequences. All coal, even the charcoal like variety called anthracite, appears to contain, in its natural state while underground, a considerable quantity of free uncombined gas, which it parts with when exposed to the air, or when it is relieved from great superincumbent pressure. The gas is evolved from the coal in great quantity at the ordinary temperature of the mines; and instances have been known of explosions on board of ships laden with fresh worked coals. Coals lying deep give out more gas than those near the surface, because there are openings at the surface by which it escapes; but in the deep mines it cannot have such an outlet, and therefore it accumulates in all the fissures of the stone above the coal, and this sort of natural distillation is constantly going on. The fissures of the roof are in some places very great, and there are sometimes miles of communication from one fissure to another: they may be considered as natural gasometers, and having no outlet, and the process of distillation constantly going on, the gas becomes accumulated in them in a very highly condensed state, the degree of condensation depending on the thickness of the surrounding rock and the quantity poured in. In the course of pursuing the workings the miners sometimes cut across one of those fissures, or approach so near to it, that the intervening rock becomes too weak to resist the elastic force of the compressed gas; it gives way, and then, in either case, the gas rushes out with immense force. These *blowers*, as they are called, emit sometimes as much as 700 hogheads of gas in a minute, and continue in a state of activity for many months together.

Sir James Lowther found a uniform current of gas in one of his mines for two years and nine months.

This gas, in the state in which it issues from the coal, burns with a bright flame, like ordinary artificial coal gas; but when united with a certain portion of the air of the atmosphere, the mixture becomes explosive, that is, the whole volume of air, upon the approach of a flame, suddenly catches fire, and goes off like gunpowder, with a tremendous explosion. If there be more than one volume or bulk of the inflammable gas to fourteen of atmospheric air, the mixture is explosive, and must not be approached with a naked flame. Great pains are taken to ventilate the mines so as to free them from this foul air, by large fires kept constantly burning at the mouth of the ventilating shaft, aided very often by air pumps worked by steam-engines, to quicken the draft; and which are sometimes so powerful as to draw out of the mine 1000 hogheads of air in a minute. One mine is described as generating so much gas as to require a supply of 18,000 cubic feet of atmospheric air in a minute to keep it in a safe working state. Men can continue to work and breath in an explosive mixture of the gas without feeling any material inconvenience; and formerly such places were approached by making use of what were called Steel Mills, to give light. This machine consists of a small wheel of steel, of six or seven inches diameter, moved by a little toothed wheel with great velocity, and by holding a piece of flint to the steel, a stream of sparks is given out. Although in the day the light appears very feeble, in the darkness of the mines it is strong enough to enable one to write by it; but the use of the steel mill is not free from danger of explosion in certain mixtures of the gas. That contrivance

has, however, been now completely set aside by the important and beautiful discovery of Sir Humphry Davy, the Safety-Lamp. That eminent philosopher instituted a long series of experiments on the nature of the fire-damp, and on the proportions with which it must be mixed with atmospheric air in order to become explosive. He found that, in respect of combustibility, the fire-damp differs most materially from the other common inflammable gases, inasmuch as it requires a far higher temperature before it can be set on fire; an iron rod, at the highest degree of red heat, and at the common degree of white heat, did not inflame explosive mixtures of the fire-damp, and an explosion only took place when a flame was applied. He further made the important discovery, that flame will not pass through a tube with a very small bore; and, guided by his principle, he was ultimately led, through a train of ingenious experiments, to the construction of an instrument which has saved, and will continue to save, the lives of hundreds, and which has rendered a large extent of property productive that the proprietors were unable to turn to any profitable account. Since the discovery of the Davy Lamp accidents by explosion have been considerably diminished, although we still hear too frequently of many lives being lost from this cause, as in the engraving above, which will be long remembered in the Darley district. These melancholy disasters are partly occasioned perhaps by venturing into too dangerous places, but most frequently by the carelessness and criminal daring of the workmen themselves, who, in order to get a little more light, take off the wire-gauze covering.

Reviews.

Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom. By ROBERT HUNT. Longman and Co.

In his introduction to the statistics contained in these Memoirs, Mr. Hunt remarks on the discrepancies between previous statements of the annual produce of coal in Great Britain. Mr. J. C. T. Taylor estimates it at 31,500,000 tons; Mr. J. R. M'Colloch at 34,600,000; Mr. Braithwaite at 34,000,000; Mr. T. Y. Hall at 67,550,000; "a particularly careful writer" quoted by Mr. Hall, at 62,000,000; and Mr. J. Dickinson, Inspector of Coal Mines, at 54,000,000. These calculations were not all made at the same time, but they range within a period of ten years, and a difference of 20,000,000 tons is to be noted in two statements almost simultaneously made. Obviously, therefore, new lights were required upon this subject—especially as no question connected with our national prosperity is more interesting than that of the extent and probable duration of our coal-fields. Upon this point, also, opinions stand as widely apart as the Arctic from the Antarctic circle. There are those who predict that myriads of years will not see those black Procrustean beds exhausted, while others inquire ominously "What are we to do for fuel when the inevitable scarcity sets in?" A third, and a very comfortable idea is, that in the hidden laboratories of the earth Nature is perpetually changing a certain substance into coal; but we need not say, that such discussions are often carried on out of the circle of science, so that many good citizens are soothed or frightened by theories which have no place in the philosophy of practical geologists.

Mr. Hunt set out with a plan as well as a purpose. Circular letters were distributed over the coal districts, requesting the supply of details respecting the produce of the collieries in each field. Of these "a considerable number" were returned, giving the desired information; but the result was necessarily incomplete. Every coal-producing country in England and Wales was visited, however, and personal inquiries were made, in reply to which the owners and the lessors of the collieries, often at the expense of much labour to themselves, afforded clear and minute information. Other methods were adopted to check the calculations thus made, such as an examination of the sea and railway transit of coals,—and it may consequently be assumed that a tolerable approximation to exactitude has been obtained. At all events, since the Report is to be published annually, with corrections and additions, it will not be long before our coal statistics are placed upon a satisfactory basis.

It should be mentioned that the Memoirs include, also, returns of other mineral produce in Great Britain and Ireland. But our first interest centres in the coal. From 2,397 collieries enumerated in the United Kingdom, 64,661,401 tons were raised, worth nearly £15,000,000, or nearly 9,000,000 tons above the quantity stated in the highest figures previously quoted,—those of Mr. T. Y. Hall. Of tin, the annual produce is stated at 5,763 tons, which, at £112 to £118 a ton, would be worth nearly £700,000. Of copper, 13,000 tons were produced in 1854, worth about £22,000; of lead, 64,000 tons; and of silver, 760,000 ounces. Of pig-iron the produce was 3,069,823 tons, valued at £9,500,000. Mr. Hunt has ascertained that more than 300,000 persons are employed in mining operations in Great Britain,—nearly one-third of them being males under twenty, while nearly 9,000 are females, and of these the largest proportion under twenty years of age. It formed no part of Mr. Hunt's design to enter upon the investigation how long our abundant stores of coal are likely to endure, and how far the colliers' operations may be extended without forestalling the supplies of future years. We infer that he shares none of the alarm which has in some quarters been expressed.

Black's Guide to the Picturesque Scenery of Derbyshire, including Matlock, Bath, Chatsworth, Buxton, Castleton, Dovedale, and every other place of interest.

Black's Tourist's Guide to Hampshire and Dorsetshire, including descriptions of the Isle of Wight, Winchester, Southampton, Weymouth, and every other place of interest in these counties. Edinburgh: Black; London: Longmans, 1855.

The information contained in these exceedingly portable and inexpensive guide-books is arranged partly in narrative and partly in tabular form; and being accompanied by excellent maps, will supply the tourist with all that is needful to assist him in his progress, and to guide him to objects of interest. Lord Byron very truly said, that "there are things in Derbyshire as noble as Greece or Switzerland." He might have added, and probably he meant, that Derbyshire could boast of as many "worthies" as either of the places with which he contrasted it with respect to "things." It gave two Cardinals to the Sacred College, in the persons of Roger Curzon and Phillip de Repington,—and had a worthier son than either of these in the gallant but unfortunate Willoughby, who, in the last year of Edward the Sixth, went forth on a voyage of Arctic discovery, with a commission which "bore date from the year of the world 5515, because they might have occasion to present it to a Pagan prince;"—proof how the Government of the older time provided against all contingencies, however remote.

Memoirs of Lieutenant Bellot, with his Journal of a Voyage in the Polar Seas, in Search of Sir John Franklin. In Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1855.

AMONG the individuals who, in the midst of striking events, crowding upon each other with a rapidity unexampled in the history of mankind, have contrived to arrest the attention and to command the homage of this busy world, the young French naval officer whose life and journal are contained in the volumes before us, holds a distinguished place. At an age when other men enter upon the arduous struggle of life, he had won fame for himself by intrepidity of conduct and nobility of heart, the like of which is not often met with even in his adventurous and high-minded profession, and had crowned his brief but eventful career with a hero's death. The history of such a man is an important page in that voluminous book, the "study of mankind," the journal of his adventures,—unfortunately not extending beyond his first voyage to the Arctic regions in the Prince Albert,—is a document of signal interest. It enables the reader to follow step by step the exploits of the little band of hardy mariners who went to do battle against the elements in the most inhospitable regions of the globe, for the

twofold purpose of conveying assistance to themselves, and of promoting that advancement of science to which it has since been ascertained that he with his companions fell a sacrifice. But it is not only a graphic picture of daily life in the Arctic regions, with its hardships, its dangers and hairbreadth escapes, that is presented to us in this narrative; it gives us an insight into the inner mind of the young man who, in paining it for his private use, unconsciously portrayed his own character,—a character lovely in the affection which he bore to his family, and the warm sympathy which he felt towards all his fellow-creatures, and especially towards Lady Franklin, and towards those under whom he was with whom he engaged in the perilous service in which he perished prematurely; a character which excites the utmost admiration by the calm and modest heroism which is reflected in every line that has reference to some daring enterprise boldly undertaken or happily achieved, and withal by the deeply religious undercurrent of a mind, nurtured in the superstitions of Romanism, imbued with the notions of rationalism which they so generally begot in the thoughtful and educated, yet readily discerning the spiritual consolations and blessings of the purer faith with which he became acquainted among his English associates.

Correspondence of John Howard, the Philanthropist. By the Rev. J. FIELD. Longman and Co.

HERE are a few letters written by Howard—which escaped the researches of Mr. Hepworth Dixon—chiefly to his friend Samuel Whitbread, founder of the brewery, and father of the politician. They are of no importance, and are only interesting so far as everything relating to a man so good and noble is interesting. They add nothing to our knowledge of his character. They contain no new anecdotes of his career. Of course it is well that they are placed in custody of printer's ink,—and Mr. Dixon will probably find in them a note or two for his next edition; but they were too slight to make a book, besides being wanting in readability. Some blunders, too, have crept into the commentary:—"At Varna Howard's continued weakness," &c., should read "At Vienna." Howard never went to Varna. We feel pretty certain, too, that Howard's letters are not printed as they were written. We do not mean merely as to spelling: changes in that respect are common enough to escape censure, if they do not escape notice; but of construction. Sentences occur in these "copies" which Howard would scarcely have written; and we would caution the possessors of the original documents (if such a caution be not superfluous) to guard them with as much care as if they had not yet been misprinted.

Linden Manor; or, Rural Recollections. By WILLIAM PLATT. London: Saunders and Otley.

In these "recollections" we have presented to us a picture of life as it was in the homely and hospitable mansions of England's squires, before the great change which has since come over the spirit of our dream. The method which the author has adopted in drawing his sketches, is at once convenient and attractive, combining the personal interest in the *dramatis persona* which a novel inspires, with the less pretentious, but not on that account less entertaining, form of personal and fragmentary narrative.

Progress of the War.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The telegraph, this week, has not told us of any new event, but we may be satisfied that the Russians are getting the worst of the game, for the very good reason that they cannot help confessing it. A Hamburg despatch says:—"General Gortschakoff writes from Sebastopol that the fortifications have greatly suffered, and that the garrison has experienced considerable losses."

Whether these fortifications are still being made on the part of the enemy, and the extent to which they are carried through in their results it may be believed, are exaggerated by Russian and semi-Russian organs. The *Independence Belge* has the following from Vienna, under date of August 25:—"If we are to give credit to the information received here, General Melnikoff, who has succeeded General Todleben as director of the defensive works of Sebastopol, has not yet found a garrison, smalloubots, and barricades made between the first and second lines of fortifications. Up to the eminence between Fort Paul and the bastion No. 1 he has built a work constructed which commands the towers of Kornilov and the Malakoff, of such an extent that the Allies will be unable to establish themselves in these towers, even when they shall have conquered them. The Belbe heights again are stronger than ever, and the entire park of field artillery previously at Sebastopol is also there." "The *Standard Donau* in the Kingdom of Poland," positively denies that 24,000 men of the Imperial General Corps are stationed between the Alma and the Belbe. "According to all the Russian reports," says the correspondent, "the Grenadiers are still standing on a reserve corps to the north of the Crimea, which they will not enter until the winter, when the offensive will begin against the Allies on all sides."

The *Frederick Blaauw* from Odessa, August 22, that General Lomakin had returned from his inspection to Nikolaeff and Cherson. The health of the troops is improving, but cholera and typhus still carry off thousands of men." The transports of stores to the Crimea gets to be more and more difficult, and it is with the greatest difficulty that draught oxen can be procured. The soldiers suffer terribly. General Todleben's wound, which was near the ankle, had nearly healed, but he went out to inspect the works too soon, and is again confined to his bed. In order to keep the General in the field, Prince Gortschakoff has sent him to Simperopol. Todleben's last words to his wife were, "I am the Fort of the Holy Cross," which is armed with guns of the largest calibre. This fort is said to command all the works of the Malakoff.

The following despatch from Balaklava, of August 27, has been received:—"The 56th Regiment, which has just arrived off Balaklava, and was under orders to proceed to Kerch, to relieve the 71st Regiment, is to land at once, with blankets &c., as the enemy seem preparing for another attack, either on Balaklava, by way of Baidar, or on the village of Chernaya."

A Trieste despatch of the 5th says:—"It is thought the Russians will again assume the offensive. France, England and Austria will undertake in common the construction of the canal of the Danube."

Intelligence is stated to have reached Vienna, from Constantinople, that the Russians had met with a considerable check before Kars. General Mouravieff divided his force, and sent a corps in the direction of Erzeroum. As soon as this was known in Kars, the Turkish garrison made a sortie in the night between the 16th and 17th, and surprised the Russians. The Russians were thrown into great confusion and fled, leaving behind them their baggage and a great many prisoners. The corps which attacked Erzeroum has retired. Kerim Pacha led the Turkish sortie. Erzeroum contains a garrison of 4,000 regulars and 25,000 Bashis Bazouks.

A private letter from Constantinople, of the 23d, speaks of the plan of campaign of Omar Pacha in Asia. It says that the Ottoman General will not go to Kars, but, immediately on landing at Batoum, will move on straight to Tiflis, with the twofold object of menacing the communications of the Russians with Georgia, and cutting off

their retreat, and also of presenting an opportunity to the Circassians and other mountain tribes to aid him if they are so disposed. The same letter adds that the most confident expectation exists at Constantinople that the Malakoff Tower will be soon attacked and taken by the Allies.

On the 11th of August, at Constantinople, the Turkish Generalissimo, Omar Pacha, was invested with the insignia of the Order of the Bath. This event is of no extraordinary character to raise great interest in the United Kingdom, but the strongest feeling of admiration for the subject of so great an honour is universally entertained. Regarding the worthiness of Omar Pacha there is but one opinion, and all our readers will concur in the expression made by the English Ambassador on the great occasion in question.

The ceremony took place at Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's official residence, at Pera. There were present ladies and members of the Embassy, Lieutenant-General Vivian, Commander-in-Chief of the Tercy British Contingent; Rear-Admiral the Hon. F. W. Grey, C.B., commanding Her Majesty's naval forces in the Bosphorus; Generalissimo General Lord William Paulet, C.B., Military Commander-in-Chief, with their respective staffs, and various persons holding appointments in the various branches of Her Majesty's service. The Grand Vizier Ali Pacha, and Ali Ghazi, the Seraskier Pacha, son-in-law to the Sultan, the Captain Pacha, the Seraskier Pacha, and Fna Pacha, Foreign Minister, with several other functionaries of Court and State, likewise honoured the solemnity with their presence. His Excellency M. Thouvenel, the French Ambassador, and Baron Tecco, Envoy Extraordinary of Sardinia, also assisted, as representatives of Sovereigns allied with Her Majesty in the prosecution of the present war.

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

On Sunday the 8th of September, within a few days of the anniversary of the fall of the allied forces in the Crimea, and 216 days after the opening of the besieging batteries against Sebastopol, on the 17th of October, 1854, the final assault was made upon the southern part of the town. Before night the French flag waved in triumph upon the Malakoff Tower, which had fallen before the indomitable courage and perseverance of the assailants, and within a few hours more the Russian garrison had evacuated the Karabulakia suburb and the southern portion of the fortifications, and had taken refuge in the town, setting fire to the town in their way, and then endeavouring to withdraw by the bridge across the harbour from its terrible scene of devastation and defeat. So fell Sebastopol. The catastrophe was in horrible reality all the preceding scenes of this gigantic conflict. The column of the allied armies, combining with a fourfold attack, struggled all day with equal valour, though with unequal success, the right of the French attack was directed against the work called the Little Redan, which was marked out by the impetuosity of our allies, though they were subsequently driven back by the impetuosity of our troops, and determined by its fall the fate, not only of the day, but of the war.

A third attack was made by the British forces on the Great Redan, and through we learn that the salient angle of this formidable work was at last carried and occupied by our troops, it must be added that they were subsequently driven out of it by fire of the Russian batteries which continued to pour it in this country at the triumphant termination of the siege. The Central Battery on the left also assailed, in the fourth place, the Central Battery, and established themselves in the work. We have no doubt that every effort was made to repel the assault of the French, but that the same undaunted gallantry and the same determination to carry the work to perish in the attempt; and, although the results of these several attacks were unequal, all were animated by the same spirit and conducted with the same great result. The first prize of this glorious victory belongs to the gallant allies the French, since the Malakoff Tower, the key to the triumph, fell before the vigour of their assault; but, with that chivalrous feeling which is the noblest bond of men who have fought and conquered together, the names of all those who carried the rugged defence of Sebastopol deserve to stand side by side on one page, and no invidious distinctions shall sulky or lessen their common renown.

The Russians on their side unquestionably defended the place with the most determined determination, and on more than one point they had an advantage over the besiegers. But it was the courage of desperation, for this was their last. No sooner were the outer works taken, which laid the town at the mercy of the allied forces, than the men-of-war and a fleet in the harbour were set on fire, on the left also assailed, in the fourth place, the Central Battery, and established themselves in the work. We have no doubt that every effort was made to repel the assault of the French, but that the same undaunted gallantry and the same determination to carry the work to perish in the attempt; and, although the results of these several attacks were unequal, all were animated by the same spirit and conducted with the same great result. The first prize of this glorious victory belongs to the gallant allies the French, since the Malakoff Tower, the key to the triumph, fell before the vigour of their assault; but, with that chivalrous feeling which is the noblest bond of men who have fought and conquered together, the names of all those who carried the rugged defence of Sebastopol deserve to stand side by side on one page, and no invidious distinctions shall sulky or lessen their common renown.

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very existence of the British fleet which two years ago threatened the

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since the allied armies set foot in the Crimea. Within that time they have won three pitched battles and twice assaulted a fortress of extraordinary magnitude. They have encompassed the works of war with trenches extending over more than 30 miles of ground; they have armed these trenches with the heaviest ordnance, and kept up so incessant a fire that not only an incalculable amount of projectiles has been consumed, but five or six siege trains have been worn out. They have created at Kamiesch, Eupatoria, and Yenikale three military stations which the Russians have added to assault, and Balaklava has been added to those. A railroad connects the harbour and the camp; an electric chain binds the Crimea to Europe, and conveys to us in a few hours the tidings of these triumphant successes. Upwards of 200,000 men encamped within the lines of the Teherany have been conveyed thither and are daily fed, clothed, and housed from the resources of Western Europe. All this has been effected in spite of the rigour of winter, the heat of summer, and the distance of 5,000 miles from home, and with the result that the object of this expedition the leading object of the campaign is accomplished and Sebastopol is in our power. The military and political results of this event open a new chapter in the history of these transactions to which we shall shortly take occasion to revert, but be they what they may, the grand fact now before us justifies the confidence we have never ceased to feel and rewards our hopes, for within 12 months from the commencement of this enterprise Sebastopol has fallen, and the power of Russia in the waters of the Euxine is at an end.

A ROMANCE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The day on which the Queen of England visited the exhibition for the second time, a considerable number of ladies were, by special arrangement, to pass the day in the company of the Emperor and the Empress, and the ladies who surrounded the central fountain in the great nave. Gentlemen had been banished from this privileged spot. They were compelled to resign themselves to the pain of sitting alone within the enclosure along which the Imperial and Royal *cortege* had to pass; thus were they isolated from wives, sisters, mothers, daughters, aunts, and friends; and, in some cases, from those whom they had known in their youth. The elderly English lady, of noble and aristocratic appearance, found herself side by side with a charming young French lady, whose simplicity was most beautiful and elegant. The arrival of the august visitors was anxiously expected. A thousand observations occurred to the two neighbours, and some incident soon arose which led to one of those interesting conversations which in many cases only commence with some commonplace about the weather. Soon, however, they passed to other topics, on which they discussed the *cortege* pageant, and a few words of conversation with the English lady learnt from the talk of her fair companion that the young Frenchwoman had not long been married, that her husband was somewhere in the crowd, and that he had compelled her to accept the place she then occupied, though it had been given to himself by the Viscount de Ronville, director of the Industrial Palace. The manner in which the young lady told these and other things so won the esteem of the old dowager that they soon gained each other's confidence. The *cortege* pageant, and a few words of conversation with the English lady, however, drew her into a party of three, rhubarb, rice, flowers, and all sorts of trifles were taken up, as it were, the track of their Majesties. Carried away by this she impelled a little by curiosity, and moved, perhaps, by the excitement which occasionally carries ladies away in such circumstances of pomp and grandeur, the old English lady and her new friend got mixed up with the suite; and as it was impossible for them to separate, they took each other's arms among the wives and daughters of the highest nobility who formed the escort of the Emperor and the Queen of England, and were seated in the superior galleries. Hitherto neither of the two ladies knew the name or the rank of the other; but in this way they passed two full hours together, protecting one another from the pressure of the crowd, mutually offering each the best places they could obtain, and conversing quite intimately upon a thousand little things arising out of the circumstances of this remarkable and somewhat promiscuous *cortege* pageant," said Lady Vane to herself. "I wonder who she is; I shall certainly not have her until I have inquired her name!" The promenade at last was brought to a close, and the Queen left the Exposition. A great crowd again collected at her departure. "How ever shall I find Edward in such a multitude?" exclaimed the young French lady. "Ah!" replied the English peeress, "is your husband's name Edward?" "Oui, ma chère Madam," the old dowager said, "the old dogger for a moment had a misgiving about the name, but he is a good man, and would not have married her for more than a year because he ran away from England, where she had with infinite care arranged a great match for him, and married a French girl whom nobody knew, without a shilling in her pocket. She would never allow the girl's name to be mentioned in her presence. 'Ah! there he is,' suddenly cried the young lady, as they arrived at the foot of the great staircase, 'what a lucky chance that we have met.' 'How far have you come?' 'I have been to the Exposition, mother?' 'What has happened?' The peeress, in agony, uttered a shriek of surprise, and fainted. She had been overcome with emotion, and had to be rested on a chair in the midst of the crowd which still encumbered the *salle*. 'Oh Edward!' when she came to herself she exclaimed, 'this is the girl you have married against my wish?' 'Oui, ma chère mère,' was the young lad's answer, 'and you seem to get on very well together.' 'Let us go immediately,' she replied, 'and see if we can't get you to the Queen's apartment; I know where to find her.' The young man, who had been in a fever of impatience, implored the young man. 'Yes, all three,' was the answer. And then taking the hand of Pauline, she proceeded. 'Yes, come my dear girl; he who would have said this morning with whom I should visit the Exposition, and whom I should afterwards take home, would have astonished me much more than all Europe is to be the Queen of England visiting a tomb removed from St. Helena to the vaults of the Invalides."

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COLORED NEWS."

The crime of homicide continues to prevail in San Francisco and all over the country, to an extent which, in any other country than this, would be taken as a proof that civil society was completely disorganized. Our familiarity with this state of things prevents our being at all alarmed. In the "Homicide Calendar" for June, lately published in the *San Joaquin*, it is stated that "total of killed" for the first six months of the present year, is set down as 219 persons; for the month of June, 17 persons. But whether the 2 judicial and the 24 lynch executions are included in, or are in addition to the 219, I am not able to determine from the calendar. The number of "killed," in the month of June, was 20—a smaller number than in any one of the previous months of the year—a fact which it is sincerely to be hoped may be taken as evidence that the homicidal epidemic is abating. We are not so much as a trifle, however, out of the way; and, therefore, this murder would appear curiously trivial. I attribute nearly all the crime of this country to the universal and cowardly practice of carrying revolvers. For instance; it appears that in June, four men were killed by two of the officers employed in collecting the foreign miners' tax; one of the collectors having "killed" a Mexican miner at Tuttlestown, and another of them having "shot and killed" three Chinese in Mariposa county. These four murders were committed by the two officers, who, I am hardly reviewing on a slight resistance to the payment of a tax which, to my own knowledge, Mexicans and Chinamen have often been made to pay twice over, by the extortion of unauthorised rascals, who laid them under contribution by assuming the office of collector. Several instances, even more striking than the foregoing, have occurred throughout the country, as given in the public papers during the last fortnight, showing the trivial causes which produce murder. I will give you one or two instances. A man was killed in his own house because "he refused to serve out liquor" to a riotous customer late at night; while another man was killed for "refusing to drink" with a "gentleman" who could not break a refusal. These two cases occurred at different localities; the disputes were short and sudden, and followed by a speedy death. Another affair appears to have ended in tragically slight provocation. In a crowded assembly in the Northern mines, on the South Salmon River, one man "rubbed" another against or pushed" another several times. This offence was ex-

piated with the offender's life, for the man pushed "struck him on the head with a bar of steel," which he suddenly seized, and he "died about four hours afterwards." The murderer slipped from the crowd and made his escape. Both were known, and their names are given, but not a word as to any prospect of punishment for so barbarous a deed. This case is the more remarkable for the novelty of the weapon being anything else than a revolver. At Calis city "in a row at a gambling table, two men, one of whom was a blacksmith, were shot dead." On the Fresno, "in a difficulty over a game at cards, a man was shot dead." In Tuolumne, a blacksmith, unluckily asserted that one of his neighbours knew rather too much about a robbery recently committed, not far away; from this, "a dispute arose, angry words ensued, both were armed, and the quarrel ended" by the poor blacksmith being "shot dead in his own shop." In a case of attempted resistance, an officer of the law, who was resisting, and who had a pistol in his hand, was shot dead. "A sharp looker-on, who seemed determined neither to 'take a prisoner nor to give quarter,' if one may judge from the report of the case, To these cases may be added the melancholy one of a young gentleman who was shot dead in a duel fought with double-barrelled guns loaded with ball, distance forty paces, for writing a newspaper critique upon a 4th of July oration, in the Northern Mines. The last, and concluding, is to be a detail of a case which is almost unique. The coolness of the execution struck me as the most remarkable feature of the composition—"nobody to blame" applied to a rash, criminal, and wilful act which "drove a bullet through one man's body and lodged it into another man's thigh is almost sublime. The excuse or justification is also cogent—viz., "not intended" for them, but for a "Greaser"—a term of reproach applied to Mexican and other yellow-faced men. "But I am losing sight of the original composition," said he to me.

"Crime in Columbia for a Week."—The Clipper gives the criminal calendar of Columbia for the last week as follows:—"Shooting and rows generally have been very dull for the last week, and we have but a few cases to report. Cardinell was shot through the lungs last Friday in resisting an officer. At first the wound was considered mortal, but now it is thought he will recover. L. D. Loring was shot through the body last Tuesday morning; the ball passed through the heart, and he died. The ball, however, Loring is considered dangerous; Mr. Jimmison will recover. The ball was not intended for these parties, but for a "Greaser" who had beat a fellow over the head. It was purely accidental; nobody to blame; took place in a fandango house. A desperado of the name of Brown, on the Mercedes, it is reported, killed three men this week; they were attempting to arrest him."

It is not without reason the Alta California of the 25th of July exclaims, "the number of homicides in California is actually few, but the number of suicides is a great many, and it suffers the extreme penalty of the law," because "in most cases he gets clear through legal quibbles, judicial leniency, or executive clemency." It is a fact that crimes of violence against the person, of every degree, "enjoy (as I hear a critic express it) an immunity from condign punishment incompatible with civil liberty."

In San Francisco we have not had a shooting or a duel for a fortnight past; but the police are still as busy as ever. Unlike the Columbians in this respect, with whom "rows generally have been very dull," we have been quite lively. I have not the remotest idea how many of these elegant exhibitions have taken place, nor have I the least wish to be precise in chronicling them. A tradition of last week gives six in one day, while other estimates reduce the number to five and to four—a discrepancy which I am not able to adjust. One "difficulty" so soon gives place another, and that the "difficulty" is now more "acute" than the "difficulty" before. The peculiarity of these recreations is that our most prominent citizens join in them. By assigning to our manners the place in public estimation that the habits and behaviour of men in "high places" elsewhere hold in we must conclude that here "fights" are fashionable. Politicians, lawyers, merchants, and other respectable members of society figure in the arena. The rights of man are not violated; but beatings and floggings applied as plasters for wounded honour; but besides politics and the usual friction of business difficulties in "hard times," the failures of the last few months, and the litigations which have sprung from them, have been instrumental in producing causes of conflict, more particularly the bankruptcy of Adams & Co. There have been Othellos in the "field" also, and a case of what Shakespeare calls "pretty virginity." But the rarest cases were those of "fights" between schoolmasters. "I am sorry to say that the punishment of the schoolmaster is instructive. The father of one of his pupils had him up before the police magistrate for cruelty in correcting a little girl. The case was fully gone into, and the mayor deferred sentence for a day or two. In the interval between the trial and the sentence being promulgated the father met the domine in the streets walking with a lady, and, according to general promise, "got tired of waiting, or supposed that his punishment would be inflicted," and gave the schoolmaster "a severe beating."

The Postmaster was more fortunate in the issue of his affair. He was a case which under the ancient Scotch law would, I believe, come under the definition of "haimseunk"—a man beaten in his own house,—for which the penalty was death. "While replying to some questions, his interlocutor attacked the postmaster with a cane. Several thrusts were made, but no great injury done."

The judicial treatment of such of these cases as are brought before the bench, are curious. Of many of them the police take no notice. The case of a lawyer assaulted by a merchant, a fine of 300 dolars was imposed, by way of vindicating the honor of the plaintiff; while the general practice of the law courts of France is to fine the defendant and the man who assaulted the schoolmaster when fined 1 dolar. The magistrate who adjudicates these cases is an excellent man, and wishes to do what is right; but I suspect he is as much puzzled how to deal with some of his customers as a jurist would be to divine on what principle of law he regulates his "measure of damages;" and the difficulty is increased by many of these cases, instead of being summarily decided, being referred to a trial, which every prisoner (here called "defendant") can demand.

Here is the way some of these cases are conducted, taken from the police report of one of the newspapers:—

"Cohen convicted of an assault upon Park.—It will be remembered that on the first trial of this case the jury disagreed. An order was afterwards procured for a new trial. The case accordingly came up before the Mayor yesterday. Some additional testimony was given, but the evidence was in the same balance as upon the former trial."

"The counsel on this occasion made short work of it. Colonel James simply said to the jury that he required a verdict of guilty; and Judge Tilford replied that he should expect a verdict of not guilty."

"The charge of the Judge to the jury was equally laconic.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have only to find the defendant guilty or not guilty."

The jury retired, and after an absence of about ten minutes returned with a verdict of guilty."

"The defendant will be sentenced to-day."

A circumstance arose out of one of these street fights the other day that amused me excessively. A man, after being knocked down and well pommelled in the kernal, or on the kerbstone, rushed brutal and burning with indignation to his lawyer for "legal advice." After listening patiently to his client's recital of his wrongs, the lawyer, with a smile, laid his shoulder and arm around him, and said, "Call him out!" Such good advice could not be lost on a reasonable client, and he followed it.

But, to be serious for a moment, all the crime and all the irregularities of which I have given a faint epitome, it is the fashion to charge to the lawyers and to the judges. I cannot admit the justice of this charge—the people are to blame. As is the case in all constitutional Governments, they have the remedy in their own hands. If the laws are not good, then let the people change them. If the administration of Justice is bad, then let the people be to blame; for the universality of the trial by jury in civil as well as in criminal cases places the remedy in their hands. Yours,

A LOVER OF OLD ENGLAND.

Edna Beau.

A Manchester paper details an amusing practical joke, the subject being an advertiser for a wife. A sham correspondence was entered into, and a female servant at one of the hotels in Rochdale was induced to personate the fair correspondent, and arranged a meeting at Tweeddale's Hotel. On arriving there he was received by a number of gentlemen assembled, with such marks of attention as soon convinced him that he was caught in a snare unmatrimonial. The bellman was sent round the town with the following announcement:—"On view, a gentleman in want of a wife. May be seen at No. 3, Tweeddale's Hotel." This brought a large accession of admiring friends, and one of the company adroitly and unperceived stuck a white star or cockade in front of the advertising gentleman's hat. Visitors flocked into the room, and this continued till it was too much for the endurance of the gentleman; he became ill, wept, and implored permission to depart; and at length, after having been detained several hours, was allowed to do so.

We do not see it anywhere reported (a golden silence having been, probably, imposed on the penny liners), that a certain great contractor (we dare not indicate the kind of contract), whose spouse has been left on the Continent, but who manages to extenuate a wife rather frequently, appeared at a certain suburban hospice with a very dashing lady to whom he lent his own name for the time. Called away after two days "pleasure in the way we like it," he gave his *pro re nata* wife a five pound note as he, after we presume, a skillful port and champagne, thought it, to keep house with until his return. Being rather illiterate, the fair beneficiary took the advice of a friend as to changing it, when to his astonishment he found it to be a *Five Hundred* Pound Note. Questioning the fortunate unfortunate as to her method of acquiring it, and finding her answers satisfactory, he changed it for her at the Bank. The donor quickly discovered his mistake and his loss; and not finding the lady by ordinary methods of inquiry, he got the police to bring her before the local magistrate. On hearing both sides his worship dismissed the case, as one simply of account, to be determined by the Courts of Law. Seeing he had no other remedy, the loser made a touching appeal to the lady's good feeling. She assured him that she was just about to be married to a tradesman, that the five hundred pounds "would do nicely to set them up in business," and that, should they prove fortunate, they might see what could be done in a few years about returning the money! So much for married men going a gallivanting."

Extensive works at Windsor Castle were commenced immediately after the Court took its departure from Windsor in April last, and will, it is expected, be completed by the time Her Majesty returns to the Castle, in October. The works in progress consist of the digging out of a subterranean passage 300 feet in length, and varying from seven to thirty feet in width, extending from the northern wing, and passing beneath the quadrangle to the southern wing of the Castle. The passage will derive light from ten or twelve glass openings in the quadrangle, covered by iron gratings so judiciously arranged as to escape particular observation. Connected with these passages will be a number of large coal cellars, having by this alteration convenient access to Her Majesty's private apartments and the numerous other rooms in the southern line of the Castle. Previous to this alteration coals had to be carried along the various passages connected with the entrances to the apartments. Several of the large vaults under the north terrace, which have remained closed since the time of Elizabeth, have been recently explored, with a view of forming them into coal cellars, but they were found to be unsuited for that purpose, in consequence of their great depth and inconvenient position.

Complaint is made in the London press that on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Paris so few of the great celebrities of France were presented to her, and much eloquence and learning have been devoted to the absence of the men who represent France to the outer world from the rejoicings at Versailles—a palace immortally associated with the names of poets and historians. Such regrets are natural. As Englishmen, loving and admiring France, we should have been delighted to see our Queen surrounded, while in Paris, by those whose genius had spread her fame and influence over the wide world, and revived in our own day the intellectual glories of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. But we know that such things could not be. Napoleon cannot bring the Lamartines, Cousins, Hugo, Villeneuve, Thiers, Guizot to the Tuilleries. They do not love him, and they stand aloof. His system is not their system. He has faith only in material,—they have faith only in mind. Sword in hand, he offers France a mess of pottage, and expects it to be content. They assert that France requires exercise, discussion, freedom, intellectual activity. Perhaps he is right in his theory of silence of repression of military rule; for the hour he is certainly successful. But possibly they are right in the belief that his theory is false—his success ephemeral. Time will decide. In the meanwhile Intelligence stands aside, while Force plays out its game. It may win or it may lose in the end; but while the game is unfinished Intelligence will hold itself haughtily alone. Nothing is more remarkable than the absolute failure of Napoleon to draw the great intelligence of France to his side. His magnificence—his offices—his rewards—even his victories—have no attractions for these men. The Marquis de Cormenin—an avowed eccentric—is the only man of literary rank who has rallied to the restored eagle. The rest stand aloof in disdain of the Imperial power and contempt of the Imperial system:—not, perhaps, because they hate despotism in itself, so much as because they hate his particular kind of despotism. Such absolute power as Louis the Fourteenth wielded was tempered by wit, grace, and humour;—that of Napoleon is tempered only by beef and pudding. Men of wit naturally like a *régime* of wit; and to the end of the world such men will prefer the free exercise of their genius to the champagne and sausages which Napoleon so fondly have to find sufficient for the masses. So long as he bases his power only on the material prosperity of France, ignoring or repressing all her spiritual and moral aspirations, the men of intellectual pursuits will be absent from Versailles, even though it be graced with the presence of England's Queen.

NEW BILLINGSGATE MARKET.



A CHAPTER ON ENGRAVING.

Some writers are fond of carrying the origin of engraving to a very high antiquity, by quoting as examples of the practice of the art such carvings in wood or metal, or stone, as have been found in various degrees of excellence among almost all nations,—among our own Saxon and even British ancestors, as well as among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. But this is to confound two things which are entirely distinct. Such works as those alluded to are specimens of sculpture, not of what we now call engraving. The modern art known by that name applies to the production of a print, or rather of a number of prints, from a design cut in wood and metal. The mere cutting out both of letters and of figures in a hard substance has been practised from the earliest ages; the art of obtaining letters and figures so cut out from copies or impressions by means of a colouring matter spread over them, and thence transferred to some other substance, is, in Europe at least, altogether a modern invention. The ancients were, indeed, accustomed to produce impressions by means of stamps in a variety of cases; they struck coins, they made seals in wax, they even marked the weight and quality of their loaves of bread with a stamp. On the other hand, they applied a colored liquid to make marks, both in their painting, with a brush or pencil, and in writing, with a reed or other species of pen. What they did not do was just to use the two methods at once,—to take the impression from the stamp, not by making it enter into the substance of the material on which it was pressed, but only by making it communicate to that material a fluid colour. The principal cause undoubtedly which prevented the ancients, after advancing so far as they did, from discovering the art of printing, was the want of any general demand for books. A high price, it is true, was paid for books, and must have been paid, by the few who did buy them; the labour necessary for the copying of a manuscript was great, and a book therefore could not be obtained for a small sum. If there be an article which from its nature cannot be expected to ensure more than a very limited demand, let it be produced at what price it may, it is evident that in the case of that article the usual incentives are in great part wanting which excite the ingenuity of the manufacturer to endeavour, as in all other cases, to find the cheapest way of producing it. Now, in Greece and Rome, and also throughout the middle ages, this appears to have been nearly the case with books. Very large prices were obtained for manuscripts upon which much labour had been bestowed; but the number of purchasers was extremely limited; and from the state of the general population it was scarcely to be expected that a reduction of price would ensure any considerable extension of the market.

It was the general demand for the Bible, or rather perhaps for religious manuals of various descriptions, which first altered this state of things; and, to that cause therefore we owe the art of printing, whether as regards print-

THE MARKET AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER THAMES.

ing from moveable types, or from blocks of wood, or from metal plates. The step from which had been already done to the completion of this great invention was so immediate and easy, that we seem to be quite warranted in accounting for it not having been made sooner, simply from the absence of any strong inducement to make it. There was no one book of which more than a few dozen copies were actually sold, or could reasonably be expected to be sold, at any such moderate reduction of price as the application of more ingenuity to the manufacture was likely to allow; such application therefore was not thought of. But when, in the early part of the fifteenth century, after the several nations of Europe had settled down, and as it were ripened into something like social organization, and the revival of classical learning had spread abroad over the community a much more general scholarship than before existed, the demand grew up not merely among the clergy, but to a great extent among the laity also for the Latin Scriptures and other devotional works. A state of things then for the first time presented itself, in which it might be considered certain, that a reduction of price would bring with it a large extension of the market. In the case of one class of books, at least, this was sure to follow; and religious books accordingly were the first to which the new art was applied.

The art of printing would probably of itself have speedily led to that of engraving; but in point of fact, it would rather appear that the latter had a distinct origin of its own. As the general demand for the Bible prompted the one invention, so a general demand of a very different kind, that, namely, for playing-cards, seems to have previously suggested the first idea and application of the other. Playing-cards were certainly known in Germany before the year 1376. It is probable that they were at first painted individually by the hand, as books were written; and the more expensive sorts may have been long continued to be prepared in this way. But it appears certain, that the makers at length began to stamp them from blocks, probably of wood, when they had come into general use. Here, then, was what we now call wood-engraving invented and put in practice. In this process, as in letter-press printing, the mark is made upon the paper by the raised parts of the stamp, or rather by those which are not cut away; the scooped-out parts receiving no ink, and of course transmitting none to the paper. The method of printing from a wood-cut, therefore, is exactly the same with that of printing from ordinary types; and the two can be accordingly combined in the same page. Wool-cuts were introduced into books very soon after the invention of printing. The process of copper-plate printing proceeds upon a different principle. In the copper, the parts which are to receive the ink and make the impression, are cut out, either in lines or dots, and the surface of the metal which remains raised leaves no mark. To prevent this, therefore, from retaining any ink, this surface has to be carefully rubbed dry after every impression, and only the

ink which is in the hollows of the plate allowed to remain. This makes copper-plate printing an exceedingly tedious operation, and also one which cannot be combined with that of letter-press. These repeated rubbings, too, very soon wear out the plate; but this last disadvantage has of late years been completely obviated by the substitution of steel for copper, in every department of metallic engraving where a large number of impressions are required. When in steel or copper engraving, the dark parts of the picture are cut out in lines, the process is called line-engraving; when in dots, it is called dot-engraving, or stippling. In both, the shades are made lighter or deeper by the lines or dots being kept more or less apart. Frequently, however, these marks are not made by a cutting-tool, but by the method called etching, which consists in the application of aqua-fortis, or some other acid, to bite into the metal. In nearly all plates etching is the first step in the process. The surface of the plate is spread over with a composition or varnish which is not affected by the action of the acid; to this the design intended to be engraved is transferred, either by being drawn upon it (in reverse of course) with the hand, or by its outlines, traced with a black lead pencil, being at once impressed upon the composition by passing it through the rolling-press. The varnish, or ground, as it is called, is then carefully cut away down to the copper, wherever it is thus marked. After this the aqua-fortis is poured over the whole, and kept standing upon it by a rim of wax erected around the plate, until it is considered to have eaten deep enough into the copper at those places from which the varnish has been removed. The lines thus formed, however, frequently receive a finishing touch from the graver; and one part of the plate is often wholly cut by the graver, while another part not requiring the same delicacy of touch is done by the easier method of etching. Albert Durer has been usually stated to have been the inventor of etching; and he was undoubtedly the person by whom it was first brought to any degree of perfection. Lastly, there is the process commonly called among us mezzotinto-engraving (that is, half-painting, from the effect it produces being conceived to resemble that of colours), but by foreigners the black manner, or sometimes the English manner. Its invention has been ascribed to Prince Rupert; but it was practised by others before him, and it is now generally allowed that we are indebted for it to a German military officer, of the name of Siegen, or Sichem. The whole surface of the plate is first made rough and raised up by being, as it were, repeatedly harrowed in various directions by an instrument called the grounding-tool, adapted to that purpose. All that has then to be done is to bruise down and smooth with the burnisher those places which are to represent the bright or less shaded parts of the design, the smoothing being made partial or complete according as more or less shade is necessary.

POULTRY SHOW AT ANERLEY.



RARE SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH DORKING FOWLS.

THE POULTRY SHOW AT ANERLEY.

GREAT SUCCESS has attended this exhibition. Although it was entirely experimental, the amateurs and agriculturists of "all England" took advantage of the opportunity, and displayed the results of their breeding and rearing skill. A great number of the aristocracy proved their interest in things rural, by flocking to Anerley Gardens, and even "the public" showed an equal amount of appreciation. Of course, the important matter was to know on whom the prizes had been conferred. And here it was amusing to note the peculiar appellations of the birds. Mr. Twose, of Bridgewater, gained the first prize for two "nuns," pigeons not at all demure; Mr. G. C. Adkins, of Birmingham, for two "archangels;" Mr. Harrison Weir, the well-known artist, for two "Jacobs;" Mr. Weir, again, for two "trumpeters;" and Mr. E. Maddaford, of Staines, for his "dragons." The practical results of the show promise to be most gratifying. Already, we find it stated, the attention paid to breeding and feeding has increased four-fold the productive powers of our English poultry, and surely nothing more magnificent was ever seen than the display of Dorking and other fowls at Anerley. For, it should be remarked, the show was less fanciful than militaristic. It was not a collection of feathered curiosities, of eccentric poultry, crossed and fattenet, so as to confuse and contradict nature; but a genuine step towards the advancement of our rural economy. There were, indeed, beautiful specimens of the partridge-feathered Cochin-China, the brassy-winged game fowl, the gold-pencilled Hamburgh, the gold-faced Seabright bantam, and many varieties of "fancy" pigeons and doves, but the bulk of the pens contained solid poultry, of legitimate value, naturally bred, and developed to a high point of perfection. It is to be hoped that the show, brilliant as it has been, will be repeated and improved, year by year.

THE CONVENT IN HASTINGS.

ONE Sunday morning, in taking a stroll about this greatly enlarged and improving town, I found myself on the high road above St. Leonard's, looking landwards. I was at first rather surprised to see that, at the first blush, looked like the ruins of a large church, which I had never noticed before; but, on inquiry, I found that it was not the ruin of any church, but a well-preserved edifice intended for a church, belonging to a finished convent of Roman Catholics, adjacent to it. "A convent!" I said to my informant, "A convent! where in a Christian country like England?" I was assured that it was one, and that I might enter the chapel of the convent, and see the nuns, if so inclined. I had never seen a nun, nor been in a Catholic place of worship; and, though it was nearly eleven o'clock, I hesitated, doubting whether I ought to enter a place in connection with Rome, and I had heard of Protestants being made away with suddenly, in a very suspicious way. As I saw, however, several gentle people (who rather surprised me) enter a large gateway, open on a wide gravelled walk, I thought I might venture a little way into the premises, which I did. On one side I found some large buildings in a kind of modern style; from a doorway of which came out a number of little girls, dressed like other children on a Sunday. This I thought rather strange in "Popish" children; but they looked clean, were neat, and (very odd) they seemed very cheerful. "It is becoming very dangerous" (thought I to myself), and I looked towards the door to see if I could make my escape, but the

myself, "these nuns take pretty good care of themselves." On the land side of this lawn there were several large edifices, in which I saw some nuns, and I was told that they had extensive prospects over the town and sea. I began to think that I had mistaken my way, and had, unintentionally, wandered into some gentleman's gardens and grounds. It was hardly possible that this could be a nunnery; but the children had passed me and were followed by a number of persons, all of whom entered a small narrow porch, paved with red bricks. Everything was remarkably neat and clean. I thought, "Well, I will follow these people at any rate; there can't be great danger of danger where there are nuns." I followed them into the porch, and, as I did, and followed a number of persons into some rather dark, and narrow passages, at the end of which I saw a large open space surrounded by high walls, evidently recently erected. The whole place looked like an unfinished chapel, as perhaps it was, but, as nobody entered there, I turned in another direction, and at the end of another passage I saw a small door open, and inside I caught a glim of some red and blue tapestry, long, high-backed chairs, and gilded decorations. "Ah!" thought I to myself, "this is a nunnery, I am in a nunnery!" I had not much time for reflection, for a group of ladies and gentlemen, and some persons in humbler garbs, approached the door, opened it, entered, and I among the rest. An odish man, in a black suit, pointed out to me a seat on form with others, and now I was fairly launched into a place full of Roman Catholics! for, by this time, the place was full, and I had leisure to look around me, and was surprised to see a room, with the rafters overhead, instead of a ceiling. The place was pitch'd on the west side with two or three Gothic windows, into which the sun was shining very brightly, and would have been unpleasantly so, but for some long blue curtains which partially excluded his beams, but the windows were open and kept the place cool and pleasant; but I could not think what the huge candles on the altar were kept burning for. They have a golden like appearance about them, but, sure, but not as it seemed to me, it was a great waste, and must be expensive. The altar was covered with a black cloth, and over that some fine lace made by the nuns (think I) themselves. Several steps, covered with carpet, led up to the altar, which was decorated with flowers, and all sorts of things—I am sure I don't know what all. But what chiefly attracted my attention was thirty or forty persons sitting, like myself, on plain, unpainted forms, all dressed in white, and covered from head to foot in white veils. Some of them were children, not more than ten or twelve years of age, and some might have been twenty-four or twenty-five years old. Some of all ages below the latter or above the former. "Think I, "Can any nuns be sumns?" Poor things, how soon they have taken this! "I" Poor things, however, in some of their veils, I inferred that they were not all rich persons, which somewhat relieved my mind, as I could not understand how poor girls could be ingested into a nunnery, for to keep a score or two of them must be, thought I, rather an expensive affair. Besides these nuns as I supposed them at first, there were two or three ladies dressed in black, covered all over in black veils. I had read in the newspapers something about taking the black veil, and I came to the conclusion that those ladies in black were the nuns, and that those in white might be nuns, but were not educated, or, perhaps, to decide whether they would like, at some future time, to become nuns. I had not time to pursue my speculations, for a shrilling sounded. The music was certainly beautiful. "The more dangerous" (thought I to myself). Soon afterwards a procession of ladies entered the place by a side door, bearing torches, and something I took for censers, such as I have seen in pictures, and then entered a real Roman Catholic priest! covered with an immensely large, rich robe, and glittering with gold and what looked like diamonds. Soon afterwards the music ceased, and I did something was said in Latin, or, at any rate, in Latin language. I did not understand, and then the priest went on the steps of the altar, began to speak to the people in real, downright English. "It is becoming very dangerous" (thought I to myself), and I looked towards the door to see if I could make my escape, but the

place was too crowded for that, and besides it was so still, that I could not have got out without making a bustle, which, being a very bashful person, I could not think of; so I heard the priest preach a whole sermon on the day of Pentecost. He spoke very plainly, just as if he was only talking to the people, and was listened to very attentively; but, somehow, all that he said seemed very different from what I had been used to, and I felt all I don't know how. After the sermon there was a great deal more music and singing; but in which I did not take any interest, except two or three times. A great deal was said, too, in Latin (I didn't understand), and the priest bowed before the altar, and the boys in surplices add the place with incense; and, at last, about half-past twelve, all was over, and I escaped into the open air without incurring any great danger that I am aware of. I spoke to several people of Hastings afterwards, but they did not seem to be hardly aware of there being such a place in the town, in which there are a great many churches and chapels from which I infer the people are all sound and good Protestants, which is a great comfort.—Curat.

COLOUR AND DRESS.

ROSE RED cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Dark red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose red, because, being lighter, the latter, in its tint, tends to impart whiteness to them in consequence of contrast of tone.

Green Drapery: A delicate green is, on the contrary, favourable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience; but it is not so favourable to complexions that are more red than rose, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of bad effect. In the latter case a dark green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.

Yellow Drapery: Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favourable than delicate green. To those skins which are more yellow than orange it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it rosate by neutralising the yellow; it produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is that that it suits brunettes.

Violet Drapery: A violet, complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects; it imparts a pale violet yellow to fair complexions; it augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion it makes green.

Violet, then, is one of the least favourable colours to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of colour.

Blue Drapery: Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of alloying itself favourably to white and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this colour. Blue is then suitable to most blondes, and in this case it is very effective.

Blue Drapery: It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange.

Orange Drapery: Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.

White Drapery: Drapery of a lustrous white, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose colour; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colours by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it. Very light white drapery, such as muslin, plaited or point lace, have an entirely different aspect.

Black Drapery: Black drapery, lowering the tone of the colours with which they are in juxtaposition, whitens the skin; but if the vermilion or rose parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist.

The Past Week.

September 9.—*Daniel Defoe* born 1661. Although more than a century has passed since the author of "Robinson Crusoe" ceased to live, his reverend name has not yet obtained in the general estimation that share of fame and that rank in English literature to which it is justly entitled. Defoe's life was a life of extraordinary activity; an account of which, therefore, is given in detail, might occupy, as indeed it has been made to occupy, volumes. He was born in 1661, in London, where his father was a butcher, of the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. The family name was Foe, to which he appears to have himself prefixed the De. His father, who was a dissenter, sent him to be educated at an academy at Newington Green, kept by a clergyman of his own persuasion. Here he distinguished himself by his fondness for reading every thing that came in his way, and his industry in storing his mind with useful knowledge. On leaving the academy he is supposed to have been bound apprentice to a hosier; and he afterwards set up for himself in that line in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill. It is probable, however, that he had scarcely finished his apprenticeship when he made his first appearance as an author; for in one of his later writings he mentions a political pamphlet which he published in 1683, and in terms which almost seem to imply that even that was not the first production from his pen; he then says, "but a young man, and a young author."

10.—*Lord Somers* born 1652. This celebrated nobleman was one of those happy individuals who rapidly rose to professional distinction. In the great trial of the Seven Bishops, which took place in the Court of King's Bench on the 29th of June, 1688, Somers was engaged as one of the counsel for the defendants. His appearance on this occasion brought him conspicuously before the nation, both as one of the ablest lawyers of the day, and one of the most formidable champions of the popular party in the state. It is understood, indeed, that he was already one of the confidential advisers of the Prince of Orange. Accordingly, at the close of this year, when the Prince, after his landing, summoned the Convention, Somers was chosen as a representative to that assembly by his native town of Worcester. He took a leading part in the discussions which followed, and especially distinguished himself in the conference between the Lords and Commons, on the famous resolution of the latter, that the King, James II., had abdicated the government, and that the throne was thereby become vacant. He also acted as chairman of the second of the two committees appointed to arrange the securities of the new settlement, on whose report was founded the Declaration of Right; and is probably, therefore, to be considered as one of the chief among "those whose penetrating style." Burke has strikingly expressed it, "has engraved in our ordinances, and in our hearts, the words and spirit of that immortal law." Soon after the accomplishment of the Revolution he was made Solicitor-General, and knighted. On the 2nd of May, 1692, he exchanged this office for that of Attorney-General; and on the 23rd of March, in the following year, he was elevated to the dignity of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. He presided in the Court of Chancery under this title till the 22nd of April, 1697, when he was appointed Lord High Chancellor, and raised to the peerage as Baron Somers of Evesham. In the Parliament, however, which met in December, 1698, the party to which Lord Somers had been all his life opposed, appeared in great and unusual strength. It was not long before they began to direct the most violent and persevering attacks against the Chancellor. Of their charges, we can only afford room to state, that they now seem to be considered, by historians of all shades of opinion, as entirely without foundation. At the time, however, they served the purpose of their authors too well. After various other proceedings, on the 10th of April, 1700, an address was moved in the House of Commons for the dismissal of the Chancellor. It was negatived; but King William, alarmed by the pertinacity of the enemies of his able and honest minister, and actuated by the hope that by that sacrifice the clamour of the faction might be appeased, a few days after asked Lord Somers to make a voluntary surrender of the seals. His lordship did not think that it became him thus to assist by his own act those who wished to accomplish his degradation, and respectfully refused to comply with the royal request. The King then sent an express demand for the seals, when they were instantly delivered. But even the dismissal of Lord Somers did not put an end to the persecution of which he was the object. On the 14th of April, 1701, the House of Commons sent up articles of impeachment against him to the Lords. When the day for the trial came, however, nobody appeared to support the charges; and his lordship was, of course, acquitted. He now retired altogether for some time from public affairs, devoting himself to those literary and scientific pursuits in which his busiest days he had never entirely neglected. His health, however, began rapidly to decline, and although he appeared at the Council Board after the accession of George I., both his body and mind were by that time so much enfeebled as to incapacitate him from taking any share in business. At last, on the 26th of April, 1716, a stroke of apoplexy terminated his sufferings in death. Lord Somers never was married, and his estates went to the descendants of a sister.

11.—*Battle of Delhi*, 1803.

12.—*Albert Durer*, born 1471. This highly gifted man was equally eminent as a painter and as an engraver, and decidedly surpassed all his countrymen in both capacities during the age in which he flourished. In the history of early engraving, there is scarcely perhaps a greater name than his.

13.—*Dr. Fenlon*, born 1705. This physician was a Frenchman and a man of moderate ability, and was called the King of Quacks. In getting himself a notoriety, he was in the habit of employing a very ingenious artifice. When he came to a town where he was not known, he pretended to have lost his dog, and ordered the public to offer, with beat of drum, a reward of twenty-five louis to whoever should bring it to him. The cry took care too mention all the titles and academic honours of the doctor, as well as his place of residence. He soon became the talk of the town. "Do you know," says one, "that a famous physician has come here, a very clever fellow; he must be very rich, for he offers twenty-five louis for finding his dog?" The dog was not found, but patients were.

14.—*General Wolfe*, killed 1752.

15.—*The Globe Theatre* opened for Dramatic Performances, 1590. The Globe, which was converted from a bear-garden into a theatre, stood nearly opposite the end of Queen-street, Cheapside, and was a hexagonal building of wood, partly open at the top, partly thatched with reeds. The performances took place by daylight, and during the time of playing a flag was displayed on the roof. About 1596, the proprietors, of whom Shakespeare became subsequently one, had the old edifice pulled down, and a more commodious theatre erected. On the 29th June, 1613, the new house was entirely destroyed by fire. The performers were representing Shakespeare's play of Henry VIII., and on the King's entrance in the masquerade some cannon were discharged, the wadding from which set fire to the thatch. In the following year it was rebuilt with more splendour than it before could boast of, and performances were continued at it till the year 1642, when

the Parliament issued an order for suppressing all theatrical representations. Its site is now occupied by Barclay and Perkins' brewery, formerly the property of Mr. Thrale.

Burning of Moscow, 1812.

First Newspaper published 1558. It was in the shape of a pamphlet, called the "English Mercury," the first number of which is still preserved in the British Museum. There were, however, no newspapers which appeared in England in single sheets of paper as they do at present, until many years after that time. The first, called "The Public Intelligencer," was published by Sir Roger L'Estrange, on the 31st August, 1651. Periodical pamphlets, which had become fashionable in the reign of Charles I., were more rare in the reign of James II. The English rebellion of 1641 gave rise to a great number of tracts filled with violent appeals to the public; many of these tracts bore the title of "Diurnal Occurrences of Parliament." The first Gazette in England was published at Oxford, on November 7th, 1655, the court being then held there. On the removal of the court to London, the title was altered to "The London Gazette." "The Orange Intelligencer" was the third newspaper published, and the first after the revolution in 1688. This latter continued to be the only daily newspaper in England for some years; but in 1699 there appear to have been nine London newspapers published weekly. In Queen Anne's reign (1709) the number of these was increased to eighteen; but still there continued to be but one daily paper, which was then called "The London Courant." In the reign of George I. the number was three daily, six weekly, and ten published three times in the week.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. R. (Loughborough).—The attempt is praiseworthy. When you have mastered all the means of art, apply them to the natural unpremeditated expression of your thought, and originality must be the result; for no two people are formed either mentally or physically exactly alike.

JAMES RHODES (Brighton).—Perseverance and success will be the result. A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, You have been idle since I saw you last. By no means replied the sculptor, I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb. Well, well, said his friend, but all these are trifles. It may be so, replied Angelo, but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.

GEORGE W. (Hertford).—The discovery ought not to be treated lightly. Seek another patron. When the air-balloon was first discovered, some one flippantly asked Dr. Franklin what was the use of it. The doctor answered this question by asking another: "What is the use of a new-born infant? It may become a man."

TO OUR READERS.

ON AND AFTER NEXT SATURDAY, THE 22nd INST., THE "COLORED NEWS" WILL BE INCREASED IN SIZE AND ALTERED IN APPEARANCE. ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN EFFECTED FOR THE MOST ARTISTICAL ATTENTION TO ITS EMBELLISHMENT AND GENERAL CONTENTS. IT IS HOPEFUL THAT THE IMPROVEMENT WILL BE SATISFACTORY TO THE PUBLIC, AND EVINCE THE GRATITUDE OF THE PROPRIETORS FOR THE UNEXHAUSTED SUPPORT AND PATRONAGE THEY HAVE RECEIVED AT THE HANDS OF THEIR SUBSCRIBERS.

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The Colored News.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1855.

THERE is no denying, no blinking the very serious fact, which the daily experience of our Police Courts forces upon our notice, that we are rapidly accumulating within this metropolis an unnatural amount of criminal population. Unnatural we call it, because in the nature of things, wherever large masses of men are congregated together, it must be expected that a certain proportion,—the ratio increasing with the numbers of the population,—will become addicted to vicious habits and criminal practices. To keep these in check, to throw impediments in the way of their attempts upon the order and security of society, to punish them when crimes are committed, to endeavour to reclaim them, and, until they are reclaimed, to put the commission of fresh offences out of their power,—such are the functions of civil society in dealing with its moral excrements. But we have grown much too refined on the one hand, too utilitarian on the other hand, to provide for the performance of those functions in the manner in which they ought to be performed. We are too refined,—our sensibility will not permit us to contemplate the punishment of crime. A morbid, utopian philanthropy has taught us to regard every criminal as an object of more than ordinary sympathy, and, as a rule, the greater the crime, the more intense is the sympathy. A collection was made the other day for a murderer, tender in years but precious in crime, who, by one of those lucky loopholes left open by our judicial system, escaped a capital conviction for one of the most artful and cold-blooded homicides ever committed,—for the purpose of enabling her to emigrate, and starting her in life in a comfortable position. How many a poor virtuous girl, who would shudder to contemplate such a deed as the other committed, would be too thankful to be thus equipped for a start in the colonies. In vain, however, would she hope in these days for like advantages. She is but an honest and

a starving girl, and there are too many of them to attract notice, whereas the other, being the perpetrator of a murder of singular atrocity, stands out prominently before the world, a unique and therefore highly interesting creature, possessing all the qualifications calculated in such an age as ours to concentrate upon herself the sympathies of a benevolent public. Besides, she enjoys the great advantage, in common with other criminals, that she has come within the fangs of the law. That alone confers a title to public consideration. The law, of course, is harsh, inhuman, it inflicts pain, and those on whom it is inflicted are to be pitied accordingly. And how, then, do we show our pity? By a gradual paring away of the punishments by which those whom higher motives do not hold in check, are deterred from crime. Capital punishment, even in cases where the Divine law clearly points it out as the just and proper penalty of the crime, is looked upon as a relic of barbarism; to flogging we can hardly make up our minds; it is a brutal practice; convict labour in penal settlements beyond the seas is a degrading process, not to be applied except in extreme cases; transportation, with a prospect of exile for life, or for a long term of years, is a cruel ultimatum, to say nothing of the objections made to it by our colonists; imprisonment at home, if with hard labour, is prejudicial to health, if in solitary confinement, it depresses the spirits. What is to be done? We must give our criminals some small taste of penal consequences, let us only to keep the police and the quarter sessions in countenance. By way of experiment we send them to prison for nominally long and really short terms, and when they have had an opportunity of establishing an acquaintance with the gaoler and the chaplain, we give them an opportunity of seeing a little more of the world. They take their leave with a friendly *au revoir*, and the next day sees them in their former haunts, where a hearty welcome from old associates awaits them. Not unnaturally desirous to add to the zest of their next meeting with the prison authorities by deferring the pleasure as long as possible, they take care to carry on their former occupations by deputy. Each criminal so restored to his place in society becomes a pedagogue of crime. The unemployed, the idle, the dissolute, are plentiful in this large metropolis, there is no lack of willing and apt pupils, the terms of their articles are divisions of profits, and in case of discovery, the escape of the principal, who, till his next unlucky chance comes round, is thus enabled not only to make a living of it himself, but to put many more in the way of doing so. These, in their turn, undergo the same process: going to prison and coming out with a ticket-of-leave, when what passing through the schools and coming out with a degree is for their betters. Their ticket-of-leave is the diploma in the criminal world. Thus our criminals are multiplying, not only by natural propagation, but by moral inoculation. The lanes and alleys of the districts which the Metropolitan Improvement Commissioners have not yet taken under their enlightened patronage, swarm with them. Hence they sally forth into our great streets and leading thoroughfares, they beset our theatres and exhibitions, there is no place of amusement which they do not frequent, they ride in our omnibuses and on our railroads, earning their fares as they travel along. Even to our churches they repair on special occasions, at consecrations, confirmations, and the like. They lead a life of constant variety and excitement, from which a few months' return to prison-fare and prison-quietude is, if not an agreeable, at least a beneficial change. Meanwhile society is made a prey, life and property are becoming alarmingly insecure; numberless ingenious schemes for deceiving the unwary are devised, and it is as much as the decent portion of the community can do to keep pace in intelligence and in watchfulness with the sharpers which lie in wait at every corner, and move about in every busy thoroughfare, the busier of them all. Yet, serious as all this is, as well as discreditable to a civilised community, it is the most superficial and the highest aspect of a social mischief, the graver features of which we propose to examine on a future occasion.

The Janette, Danish brig, drifted into Acklins, Bahamas, on July 14, with all her crew dead, and her sails loose. It is supposed the crew were murdered the day before, as a brig was seen with a schooner along side on that day.

Another case of child-starving has been brought before the Lord Mayor, the accused being James Hennessy and Eliza his wife, living in Montague-court, Bishopsgate-street. From the evidence produced it appears that the prisoners were in the daily habit of getting drunk, that they had sold all their furniture to get drink, and used to leave their child lying naked on the floor, lock it up, and go out to their debauch. A neighbour found the child in a state of indescribable filth, and, covered with sores; it is said it had nothing to eat; the woman fetched some bread and butter, but the child was too weak to raise its hand to its mouth. The prisoners were committed for trial.

A gentleman attended at the Guildhall to complain of a gang of selling-off swindlers, who had taken a house on Ludgate-hill, which they denominated "Ye house of Lud," and were cheating unwary persons into buying their "bargains" of linendrapery. The gang advertised themselves as purchasers of the "stock of Sir John Dear Paul," and had also the intention to post up handbills, announcing them as purchasers of the stock of a draper a few doors off, whom they described as insolvent. The presiding alderman informed the complainant that he might give the offenders into custody for obstructing the thoroughfare by distributing their handbills; and the draper who was falsely represented to have become insolvent had his remedy in the superior court. Donnybrook fair must be considered a thing of the past. There was scarcely an attempt to revive, even on a limited scale, the sports that characterised the fair; scarcely a dozen persons were to be seen in the neighbourhood of the Green; a miserable attempt to get a dance in the tap-room of a public-house, and the occasional crack of a percussion-cap at one solitary "shooting gallery," were the only circumstances to remind the spectator of the past orgies of "the Brook."

As General Croissé, of the Belgian army, was going to the camp of Beverloo, to receive the King of the Belgians and the Count de Flandre, he suddenly saw a horse and rider, and then fell lifeless to the ground. A fit of apoplexy had caused instantaneous death. The deceased was only in his fifty-eighth year.

The harvest is proceeding vigorously throughout the country, and already many acres of wheat have been cut and housed in prime condition. It has been stated in some quarters that mildew was found to a great extent in the wheat in East Devon, but little reliance can be placed on the report. From observations made over a very extensive district we learn that, although anything like an approximation to the crop would at present be difficult and imperfect, the yield of wheat will be quite an average one.

During the progress of an excursion train from New castle to Kelso, a young man named Fettes got on the roof of the carriage to smoke. He was addressing some remark through the hole in the roof when the lamp was placed, when his body came in contact with a bridge on the line, and the concussion caused instant death. He was shockingly mutilated.

